

The Church.

"Ger foundations are upon the holy hills."

"Stand ye in the ways and see, and ask for the Old Paths, where is the good way, and walk therein, and ye shall find rest for your souls."

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POETRY.

THE GALLANT ENGLISH TAR.

BY ELIZA COOK.

There's one who's fearless courage yet
Has never failed in fight,
Who guards with zeal our country's weal,
Our freedom and our right;
But though his strong and steady arm
Spreads havoc in its flow,
'Tis "Quarter!" and that arm will be
The first to spare its foe.
He reck's not though proud glory's about,
May be the knell of death,
The triumph won, without a sigh,
He yields a parting breath,
He's Britain's boast, and claims a toast!
"In peace my boys, or war,
Here's to the brave upon the wave—
The gallant English tar!"

Let but the sons of want come nigh,
And tell their tale to him,
He'll hide his eyes for weeping,
With his own arms growing dim,
'Cheer up,' he cries, 'we all must meet
The storm as well as calm:'
But turning on his heel, Jack slips
The guinea in their palm.
He'll have no long oration,
But tell you every man,
Is born to do a brother's part,
And do what good he can
Here's to the brave upon the wave—
The gallant English tar!"

The dark blue jacket that enfolds
The sailor's manly breast,
Bears more of real honor
Than the star and ermine vest.
The robe of folly in his hand,
May make the landman's mirth,
But nature proudly owns him,
As her child of sterling worth,
His heart is warm, his hand is true,
His word is frank and free;
And though he plays the frolic on shore,
He's firm of the sea,
Here's to the brave upon the wave—
The gallant English tar!"

FAREWELL TO SUMMER.

BY MRS. JAMES MATOON.

The song of the bird and hum of the bee,
Are passing away in their flight;
The opening bud and expanded flower,
Will charm us no more at the twilight hour.

The robin hath roamed with his mate away;
No longer the whip-poor-will chants his lay;
And the moonbeams gleam on the voiceless air,
Fraught with the spirit of love and prayer.

No more can I twine for the flowers
Or pluck for the vase the richest dye,
Which the rainbow tints in beauty vie.

No more can I gather the little wild weed,
Whose fragrance all other wild flowers exceed;
E'en this humble flower, which grows to the plain,
Can mitigate sorrow, and soften e'en pain.

The humming bird, too, with his bright crimson breast,
He too with the flowers is seeking rest;
In vain did I offer protection and care,
From Autumn's rude blast and the keen Winter air.

Not one of the dear little warblers would stand
In my vine-covered trellis, 'mid mosses as gay
As the plumage which nature so lavishly spread,
Oh, they could not stay, as the flowers were dead.

For Flora had beckoned them on to a clime,
Where flowers e'er flourish and suns e'er shine,
And the sweet Summer zephyr is wafting perfume,
Where the orange and myrtle are ever in bloom.

Then cannot we grieve from those lessons of love,
Some impulse divine, some light from above?
Some Flora to guide us to heavenly bowers,
Where blossoms unceasing parental flowers.

HIDDEN LIGHT.

I much mistrust the voice
That says all hearts are cold,
That mere self-interest reigns,
And all is bought and sold.

I much mistrust the man
Who will not strive to find,
Some latent virtue in
The soul of all mankind.

Yes! if you say the fount
Is sealed and dry, I know
It needs a wider hand
To make the waters flow.

If you would still appeal
The evil life in all,
I know a demon bad
Will answer to your call.

But when the lord was gone—
The lord who came to save—
Two angels fair and bright
Sat watching by the grave.

GREAT WESTERN RAILWAY.—The amount of travel over this road, just at the present time is immense. The down express yesterday morning had nearly 700 passengers, and the evening train nearly as many more. The train that arrived last evening at Windsor, brought over 800 passengers in 9 coaches, drawn by two locomotives, and came in on time.—*Detroit Tribune.*

COBOLURG AND PETERBORO RAILWAY.
Return of Traffic for the Week ending
8th Sept., 1855.—28 miles.
537 Passengers \$ 438.12
1145 tons Freight (including
595,635 feet Lumber) 1254.49
49 Cords Wood 48.00
Other sources \$3.73
\$1824.34
Earnings per mile per week... \$65.15
D. E. BOULTON,
Managing Director.

THE DUCAT AND THE FARTHING.

BY MARY HOWITT.

A ducat and a farthing had just been coined in the great mint where all the gold, silver and copper pieces are made. The two lay close, side by side, clean and beautiful, and the clear sunlight glittered upon them. "Thou ragmuffin!" cried the ducat, "with thee! Thou art only made of vulgar copper, and art unworthy to be shone upon by the sun. Thou wilt soon be black and dirty, and no one will think it worth while to pick thee up from the ground. I, on the contrary am of costly gold; I shall travel through the world to the great people of the earth—to kings and princes—I shall do great things, and even at length perhaps, become a part of the king's crown."

At the same moment, a great white cat laying near the fire, rose up, and turning round on her side, remarked, "The under must be uppermost to make all even."

And the fate of these two coins was somewhat the same. The gold piece came into the possession of a rich miser, who locked it up in the chest among a great number of other gold pieces. The miser fearing he should die, buried all his gold in the earth, so that no one should possess it after him; and there lies the proud ducat to this present time, and it has grown so black and dirty, that no one would pick it up if he saw it.

The farthing, however, traveled far thro' the earth, and came to high honor, and this is how it occurred:

A lad from the mint received the farthing in his wages, and the lad's little sister admiring the bright little coin, he gave it to her. The child ran into the garden to show her mother the farthing, an old lame beggar came limping up, and begged a piece of bread. "I have none," said the little girl. "Give me then a farthing, that I may buy myself a bit of bread," said the beggar, "and the child gave him the farthing. The beggar limped away to the baker's. Whilst he stood in the shop an old acquaintance, dressed as a pilgrim, with his cloak, staff and bag, came up the street, and gave the children pretty pictures of saints and holy men; and the children dropped pence into the box which the pilgrim held in his hand. The pilgrim replied, "Many hundred miles to the city of Jerusalem, where the dear Lord Jesus was born, and lived, and died, I am going to pray at his holy grave, and buy the release of my brother who has been taken prisoner by the Turks. But first, I am collecting money for my journey."

The beggar was walking away, hungry as he came but the baker who had looked on, gave the poor old man the bread he was about to have bought.

Now the old pilgrim traveled through many lands, sailed over the sea in a little ship, and at length reached the city of Jerusalem. When the pilgrim arrived, he first prayed at the sepulchre, then presented himself before the sultan, who held his brother captive. He offered the Turk a great sum of money, if he would only set his brother free. But the Turk required more. "I have nothing more to offer there," spake the pilgrim, "than this common farthing, which a hungry beggar gave me out of compassion. Be thou also compassionate and the farthing reward thee."

The Sultan put the farthing in his pocket and soon forgot all about it. "The Emperor of Germany came to Jerusalem, and waged war against the Sultan. The Sultan fought bravely, and was never wounded. Once an arrow was shot straight at his breast—it struck him, but fell back again, without having wounded him. The Sultan was much surprised at this, and after the battle, his clothes were examined, and in the breast pocket, they found the farthing which the farrow had struck. For ever after he held the farthing in great honor, and had it hung with a golden chain to the handle of his scimitar. Later on in the war, the Sultan was taken prisoner by the Emperor, and was forced to yield up his sword to him. And thus the farthing came with his sword into the Emperor's possession.

Whilst the Emperor sat at the table with a breaker of wine in his hand, the Empress said she should like to see the Sultan's sword, and it was brought. As the Emperor exhibited it to the Empress, the farthing fell from the golden chain into the breaker of wine. The Emperor perceived this, and before he placed the breaker to his lips, he took out the farthing, and the farthing had grown quite green. A wicked attendant had poisoned the wine in order to destroy the Emperor. The attendant was condemned to death, but the farthing was placed in the imperial crown.

Thus the farthing had delighted a child, procured a beggar bread, had released a prisoner, had saved the life of a Sultan, and of an Emperor. Therefore it was set in an Imperial crown and is there this day—if one could see that crown.

There are two reasons why you should not interrupt an Editor when he is writing. One is, it is apt to put him out; the other is, you might get put out yourself.

The New York Post states that the exports of flour and grain are increasing, and will do so as the prices fall from the increasing receipts.

Bashfulness in a man in love is a weakness; but it is a sign of purity of character, and would, under the inspiration of tender and better sentiments, soon disappear.

A LATHERING FLUNG AWAY.—Jerome Cardan, as recorded by Mr. Morley, was in the habit of saying, "When you mean to wash, first see that you have a towel handy." England is to blame for not having better attended to the above advice. Before attempting to give Russia a good wipe in the face, we ought to have seen that we had our Russian towel all ready.—*Punch*

THE BOY THAT DIDN'T CARE.

In the lonely cell of a gloomy prison, sits a poor, miserable man. He is young in years, but old in crime. Before him lies a life of shame and sorrow. Why! Shall I tell you his history!

Ben Price had a bad father, but a pious mother. She had a hard time, but she did her best to bring up her children honestly and industriously, and the girls rewarded her for her pains. It was not so with Ben. One day the neighbors saw her in the little back kitchen talking to him, with tears in her eyes, about associating with bad boys; but the moment she was out of sight, he was with them again—he didn't care, he said.

He played truant, and the master faithfully pointed out to him the evils of idling away his time and growing up in ignorance. "I don't care," he cried, as soon as he was out of hearing, and did no better than before. People who knew his mother, wanted to employ him, that he might earn a little for the family; but he worked carelessly, or forgot his errands altogether; or when kindly or sternly reproved, he turned on his heel with a "don't care." At last he was apprenticed to a cabinet-maker, who after giving him a fair trial, sent him off, saying he would have nothing to do with so careless and stubborn a spirit as Ben Price was.

Still Ben didn't care; he went on from worse to worse; got connected with a gang of idle, dissolute, dishonest characters; and while engaged with them in robbing a gentleman's house, he was seized by the police, tried, sentenced to transportation, and sent to prison.

"Don't care" has brought Ben to ruin—Some boys seem to think it is mainly not to care—that it is clever to cast off restraint. It is a very bad sort of cleverness—a very mistaken notion of manliness. True manliness is never rude and lawless; it submits to just restraints, and respects wise counsel. Cain didn't care when he slew his brother. The people of the old world didn't care, though they saw Noah building the ark, and heard his awful warnings of approaching ruin.

Boys, do care—do care to respect your parents, to mind your instruction, to be faithful to your employers, to reverence the Sabbath and obey God. Do care how you spend your time, what habits you form, what company you keep. Your parents care for you, your teachers care for you, God cares for you, angels care for you; and will you not care for yourselves?

A friend tell us an anecdote of Booth, the great tragedian, which we do not recollect having seen in print. It occurred in the palmy days of his fame, before the sparkle of his black eye had been dimmed by that bane of genius—strong drink.

Booth and several friends had been invited to dine with an old gentleman in Baltimore, of distinguished kindness, urbanity, and piety. The host, though disapproving of Theatres, and theatre-going, had heard so much of Booth's remarkable powers, that curiosity to see the man had, in this instance overcome all his scruples and prejudices. After the entertainment was over, lamps lighted, and the company seated in the drawing room, some one requested Booth as a particular favor, and one whom all present would doubtless appreciate, to read aloud the Lord's Prayer. Booth expressed his willingness to afford them this gratification, and all eyes were turned expectantly upon him. Booth rose slowly and reverently from his chair. It was wonderful to watch the play of emotions that convulsed his countenance. He became deadly pale, and his eyes turned trembling upwards, were wet with tears. As yet he had not spoken. The silence could be felt. It became absolutely painful, until the spell was broken as if by an electric shock, as his rich toned voice, from his white lips, syllabled forth, "Our Father who art in Heaven, &c., with a pathos and perfect solemnity that thrilled, all hearts.

He finished. The silence continued. Not a voice was heard or a muscle moved in his wrapt audience, until from a remote corner of the room a subdued sob was heard, and the old gentleman (their host) stepped forward with streaming eyes and tottering frame and seized Booth by the hand. "Sir," said he, in broken accents, "you have afforded me a pleasure for which my whole future life will feel grateful. I am an old man, and every day, from my boyhood to the present time, I thought, I had repeated the Lord's Prayer, but never heard it before. Now, you are right," replied Booth; "to read that prayer as it should be read has cost me the severest study and labor for thirty years, and I am far from being yet satisfied with my rendering of that wonderful production. Hardly one person in ten thousand comprehends how much beauty, tenderness, and grandeur can be condensed in a space so small and words so simple. That prayer of itself sufficiently illustrates the truth of the Bible, and stamps upon it the seal of divinity."

So great was the effect produced (says our informant, who was present) that conversation was sustained but a short time longer in subdued monosyllables, and almost entirely ceased; and soon after, at an early hour, the company broke up and retired to their several homes with sad faces and full hearts.

Ad M. P., one day comparing his merits with another's, said, ironically, "In short you have not opened your mouth yet in the House?" "I beg your pardon," retorted the other, quietly; "every time you made a speech, I yawned!"

An Irish literateur, confident of making his fortune by the repeal of the stamp duty on newspapers, had announced a new daily paper, to be published three times a week.

Stove walls do not a prison make
Nor iron bars a cage.
In misfortune it is natural to think of

NAPOLEON THE THIRD.

A BIOGRAPHICAL SKETCH.

Of all the monarchs in the world, Louis Napoleon attracts at the present moment the largest share of public attention. The English press, in particular, is filled with glowing accounts of this remarkable man, and vie with each other in presenting new incidents and facts in his singularly chequered life. Indeed the Emperor of the French seems to be one of those men who furnish inexhaustible themes for literary disquisition. Some men occupy lofty positions in the world, but when they once have taken their stations, they stand as them like statues. The gaze of the multitude may be fixed upon them, but not to discover any new features—not to discover any marvellous fertility of invention and able-warding of circumstances as they arise—but only the same sameness of character, and the same immobility of expression. Napoleon however is none of these men—for not only has he clung to the mighty prestige of his name with inflexible tenacity, but throughout all his undertakings he has exhibited to the world an astonishing range of thought, and vast mental resources always available for the purposes he had in view. Whether regarded as the exile, the prisoner or the sovereign, even those who once derided him and scoffed at his projects are attracted to him by some fresh trait, some new development in his nature, and compelled to admit that he is no common man, and that the mantle of his Colossus of an uncle has not fallen on incapable, if they are unworthy shoulders. Like his genius, the history of this wonderful man appears to be inexhaustible. Whether we view him as the beggar, in strange lands, as the modern Caesar, in one of his present every day Parisian characters, mounted on a superb charger, arrayed in gorgeous costume, ready to review and lead an army into battle, we still find food to wonder and much to admire and commend.

Louis Napoleon is the son of Louis, King of Holland, the brother of the first Napoleon, and of Hortense Beauharnais, daughter of the Empress Josephine, and therefore stands at the head of the Bonaparte family. He was born on the 24th of April, 1808, at the Tuilleries, amid all the splendor of the imperial court of his illustrious uncle. He is now accordingly forty-seven years of age. We next find him clinging to his great uncle, and imploring him not to set out on his fatal journey to the battle at Waterloo.—He was then in his eighth year.

Embrace Louis," said Napoleon to a marshal; "he is, perhaps, the only hope of my race."

How much prophecy there seems to be in that remark of the great general! At all events the words sank deep into the mind of the sensitive boy, and at the first fitting occasion he sought to give them a practical realization. After Waterloo, came banishment and exile in Switzerland, but amid his scholastic training he seemed to be conscious that some great revolution would ultimately place the crown of his uncle upon his head.

After the revolution of 1830 he applied for permission to return to France, but Louis Philippe was too astute a monarch to allow a Napoleon to tread the soil of his native land.

In 1831 we find him fighting by his elder brother for liberty, against the despotic power of the Pope of Rome. It was when that brother died, and the King of Rome left the scenes of earth, that he found himself sole heir to the name and throne of his illustrious uncle. The shadow of his future greatness was on his soul, and nursing ideas of sovereignty he made the bold attempt at Strasbourg, in 1836, which resulted in his exile to the United States.

His relatives in America refused to acknowledge him as one of the Napoleon family, and he found himself an outcast without friends in the New World. He took lodgings in New York at a French hotel, and passed several months in the closest obscurity. The spirit of gloom seemed to settle upon his soul, and he so far yielded to its sombre character, that he was viewed in the light of an idiot, rather than as a man of high intellect and uncommon sagacity. He made very few acquaintances and friends, and appeared to have neither the inclination nor the means to indulge in the sensualities and debaucheries that have been charged to his account.

Released from his difficulties in New York he returned to Switzerland in 1837, from which he was banished at the instigation of the French Court. He took refuge in England and devoted himself to literary pursuit. He occupied obscure lodgings in London, and was tabooed in fashionable and aristocratic circles, although he enjoyed the hospitalities of the Count D'O'ray and Lady Blessington, during the period of their waning splendor and riches. Restless, eager, and ambitious of fulfilling what he firmly believed to be his destiny, in 1840, he made that descent on Boulogne which led to his capture and imprisonment in the fortress of Ham for 6 years. This period is not the least bright one in his life—for, instead of sinking under the monotony of his condition, he applied himself to literary and scientific pursuits, and while storing his mind with a vast amount of knowledge of the military art—especially the artillery and engineering branches—he did not omit to lay up a stock of that kind of information so essential to a statesman and so invaluable to the supreme ruler of a nation. Instead of repining over his sad lot—his sentence was imprisonment for life—we behold him proving to the world that

those who suffer, was one of his own free sayings while in Ham; and we accordingly find him writing an "Essay on Napoleon," meditating on the wants of his people, and throwing out the most valuable suggestions for their mitigation. At the same time he wrote articles on the sugar question, on the improvement of manufactures, and the whole diligently pursued his military studies. This true nobility of mind procured for him a high compliment from Chateaubriand, the royalist, than whom none better could appreciate real merit. Chateaubriand thus addressed the inmate of a prison: "Your love for public liberty, your courage, and your troubles, would, in my eyes, put all rights on your side, if to deserve your exile I did not feel it my duty to remain faithful to Henry V. as I am faithful to the glory of Napoleon. I cannot sufficiently express my admiration of the calmness of mind you display in the place in which you now dwell—you derive that power from your race."

Even France bound hand and foot to the Orleans faction, could appreciate the elegant and affectionate compliment of Chateaubriand to Louis Napoleon, and did not hesitate to applaud the man who, in his cold cell, could write and think about the conditions of the poor. These person reflections of Louis Napoleon shed lustre over his whole career, and will long remain among the eventful things of his own eventful and romantic history. On the 26th of May, 1846, he made his escape, in the disguise of a workman, from the fortress in which he had been confined for six years. He fled to England and there remained till 1848, when called by destiny, he stepped from comparative poverty—from an exile of saucers, reproaches, suspicion—to a throne.

At the revolution that overthrew the throne of Louis Philippe, he returned to France, and was elected a member of the National Assembly. In December, 1848, he became a President of France, and afterwards Emperor.

Nothing more startling or more tinged with romance can be found in the pages of history. In glowing language of an honest Englishman, who sings himself under the name of *plume* of a man of the world, recently published in a London paper, "Alone and patiently he watched his time. It came at last—and with it the Empire. There it is again—the gorgeous structure of the 1st Napoleon, with all its grandeur, all its might, and traced with all its glorious recollections. And there it is, despite of kings, royal and catholic—despite of generals, royal and republican—despite of historians, and all the motley crowd of dis-committed opposition. There it stands—a fact accomplished, and a fact which has no parallel in history. There it is—and there he is too the necessary consequence of his transformation. See him—the shunned, the life-long captive—the lonely exile, hunted from land to land—the homeless, the all but friendless, the entirely fortuneless—on the throne of France. Alone he did it. See him enrolled into the fraternity of kings, and what to him gives it a priceless value—enrolled by the people. It is remarkable that, though by the *senatus consultum* of 1804, and by the deaths of his father and uncle Joseph, he stood in direct succession to the empire, he waited at once hereditary claim, recognizing no title but that of popular election. And under all the circumstances, this was prudence. There is no monument in Europe more valid than his sovereignty. The people gave it, and he received it—and he will retain it, so long as he keeps his compact with the people."

The particulars of his election to the Presidency of the Republic, and his subsequent Napoleon-like seizure of the French crown, are too well known to be repeated. Though our notions of constitutional law do not justify the *empire d'etat*, yet we should not be too fastidious when referring to the peculiar circumstance of the case. Unlike Cromwell, who not only seized on the reins of England, but brought its hereditary monarch to the block, Louis Napoleon had no predecessors to depose, and his daring act was but to save a maniac population from their own bewildering notions, and to uphold a throne that had been literally upheaved from its deepest foundation. He found the social compact in process of frightful dissolution, and his was the calm philosophy and the sagacious mind to cement the elements of revolutionary discord, and once more erect the Empire upon a solid and brilliant foundation—worthy of the glory and chivalry and patriotism of the people of France. Under his rule France has enjoyed eternal peace, and a prosperity that challenges the wonder and admiration of the world. The course of the Emperor on the Turkish question is worthy of a noble and philanthropic heart. He it was who first penetrated the designs of Russia, and roused England to join her legions with those of France for the preservation of the Ottoman Empire from the rugged and crushing grasp of the North Bear—the allied nations committing their righteous cause to the God of battles, and never doubting that ultimate success would crown their efforts, however formidable the difficulties to be surmounted.

The Empress Eugénie is descended from a noble Scottish family by the maternal side. On her father's side she is of English origin. She belongs to the Guzman family, the founder of which was an English knight, named Goodman. The Empress was educated at Paris, at the Convent of *Sacree Cœur*. On the 2nd of January, 1853, the Emperor announced his intended marriage, and a week afterwards the ceremony was performed in the venerable pile of Notre Dame.

An Irishman's Will.—"I will bequeath to my beloved wife Bridget all my property without reserve, and to my eldest son the rest. If anything is left, it may go to Torrence McCarthy."

Why are ladies like churches?—Because there is no living without them.

EUROPEAN NEWS.

PROFILE OF THE TOBIERNAYA.

THE DETAILS.
From the Correspondent of the London Times.

CAMP OF THE ALLIED ARMIES ON THE TOBIERNAYA, August 16.—The long threatened attack of the Russians on the Tobiernaya line has at length taken place, and ended in the complete success of the enemy. During the last few days the sense of an impending Russian attack became more and more frequent. Movements of large numbers of troops in the neighborhood of Sebastopol, the unexplained reports of the deserters, of whom several came in every day, and lastly, information gained from numbers of Tartars who bring in continually news from the Russian lines, were all to the effect, that the Russians had received part of the reinforcements which they were expecting, intended to try their luck once more in an offensive operation. Although at first the line of the Tobiernaya seemed to itself as the point which the Russians would most probably attack, a supposition, which was moreover confirmed by all the deserters, yet, as there were large numbers of newly arrived troops soon concentrated in and about the Russian works, apprehensions were entertained that perhaps the Russians might attempt something against the position of the allied armies before Sebastopol, and the chief attention was consequently directed to that point.

Yesterday, again several deserters came in, and spoke with the utmost certainty of an allied attack on the Tobiernaya line, but as this had been the case several times already during the last fortnight, no particular attention was paid to their reports, and no special orders given to the troops, except to be prepared for an attack; and this had been so often repeated that it made no impression. In addition to this, our attention was drawn off from the Tobiernaya by Balidar. I wrote in my last letter that when the arrival of fresh troops at Sebastopol became known, the four troops of English light cavalry were withdrawn from Balidar, and only two regiments of heavy French cavalry and a few Chasseurs and Zouaves remained in the valley until the day collected should be carried away. Yesterday afternoon General Altonville sent news from Balidar by telegraph that large numbers of Russian troops were concentrated on the heights above the village, and that he expected to be attacked by the Russian force. In the afternoon, the message which I gave notice of in my last letter, but late in the afternoon, was sent to General of Goumura and Ouman Pasha. As the difficulty at Balidar would be opposed to be out of sight if worsted by a considerable force, on account of the great number of carts which are down in the valley for the transport of the heavy guns, and the narrowness of the road, an attack on that side would not at all be improbable. From these circumstances, it was concluded that the Russian troops were taken on the Tobiernaya line, and that the attack was scarcely less a surprise than that of Inkermann. The first news of the actual attack was brought about day break by some French Chasseurs, who, forming part of a patrol, fell into an ambuscade of the Russians, and narrowly escaped, while their comrades were taken prisoners. Soon afterwards the outposts, which were across the Tobiernaya, were driven in, and about daybreak the cannonade began.

For the better understanding of the movements, I must give you some description of the locality. The Tobiernaya, coming out at the tower of Karlova from the narrow gorge in which it runs, after leaving the valley of Balidar, flows between a succession of hillocks on both sides. The hillocks form the basis of the position of the allied armies. On the extreme right, beginning where the Tobiernaya comes out of the gorge, there is the little mountain stream which falls into the Tobiernaya from the right, and the Turks. They occupy two hillocks, and between them are two roads, which lead from Higher Thorgoum to the tower of Karlova into the Woronoff road. The Sardinian position leads to the right on the little mountain stream which limits the Turkish position to the left. They occupy the large solitary standing hillock which used to be held by the Cosaccas, and which extends down to the open ground over which this road from Balaklava to Tobiernaya leads. This hillock is occupied by batteries, and is in a very commanding position, and has of the utmost importance in the defence of the Tobiernaya line. In front of the hillock, and divided from it by the aqueduct which begins there, is another smaller but equally steep hillock, accessible from the first by a stone bridge, and on this hillock the Sardinians had a small outpost guarded by a detachment of infantry. Beyond both these hillocks, on the other side of the Tobiernaya, they had moreover, on the hillock nearest the Blackouza, a second outpost, which could thus watch the movements of the enemy and give timely alarm in case of attack. The French occupy the last series of hillocks to the left of the Sardinians, and guard the road which leads from Balaklava over the Traktir bridge, upon Mackenzie's farm. The hillocks occupied by them are three in number; the first to the right is separated from the others by the great road leading to the bridge; and the last to the left, is protected by the basin which the aqueduct forms here, and is separated by another open road, similar to that on the right of the French position, from the ridge on which the army of observation was during the winter.—In front of the bridge the French had constructed a small emplacement to guard the passage of the river, beyond which they had their outposts.

The first movement of the Russians was against the outposts of the Sardinians on the opposite bank of the river. Corresponding to the hillocks on this side of the Tobiernaya, are three plateaux on the opposite bank. These were chosen for the left of the Russian position against the Turks and the Sardinians. These plateaux were, therefore, first to be secured, for the guns could command from them not only the hillocks occupied by the Sardinians and the Turks, but likewise the plain which opens towards the French position. A company of soldiers, joined the Sardinian outposts.—These were attacked at dawn by the Russians. As the troops were not yet under arms, it was necessary to hold this position for a while, and General della Marmora sent over Major Gouvor, of the 6th major, with

a company of Bersaglieri to reinforce the two companies already there. They crossed the plateau and the river, and went up the plateau; but, when they arrived on the crest of it, the two companies had just left the plateau, behind which they had until then defended the meadows gallantly against the overwhelming numbers of the enemy, but which had become untenable, as it was swept by the guns which the Russians had brought up on the other plateau, and which was exposed to be taken in the rear.—So the troops retired in good order across the river, and went to reinforce the post which occupied the second hillock on the banks of the aqueduct. In the meantime the cannonade on both sides had begun.—The Russians left no stone unturned in their efforts to attack for, generally had the cannonade begun, when they sent masses of infantry were seen advancing towards the plain opposite to the French position. The points chosen were the bridge and the hillock to the right. The masses, which in the morning sun looked like glittering axes, protected by the fire of their artillery, moved in excellent order down to the river side, notwithstanding the heavy fire of artillery which greeted them in front of the French, and in flank from the Sardinians. As they river the first column detached itself from the rest, and dividing into two columns, crossed the river, which is nearly every where easily fordable. Men carrying movable wooden bridges preceded them in the first rush, the Russians, without waiting for bridges, went over wherever they could, and dispersing like a swarm of bees, rushed forward in columns, some against the right. As I said above, the continual apprehension of an impending attack had at last rebounded the interest for it, and notwithstanding the signs which seemed to indicate some movement on the part of the Russian army, they were assembled as possible until unharmed by the Russian guns. Before the troops were properly up to the Russian position on the bridge, and at the foot of the hillock. The 2nd major and the second battalion of the 2nd corps arrived at the first hillock, and they certainly stood it gallantly. They could not lose their splendidly advanced with an *elan* scarcely firing off in Russian troops. Some French officers of Caron's division, who have during the winter guarded the trenches towards the Quarantine, and have had nearly daily skirmishes with the Russians, assured me that they never saw them moving on in such a style. They were now troops, belonging, according to the prisoners and wounded, to the 6th division of the 2nd corps, and were lately arrived from Poland. But their ardour was so high, that they could not carry their point, and were, after the first repulse, repulsed both on the bridge and the hillock. The aqueduct which supplies the Turks, and which runs close to the foot of the hillock, formed the chief defence of the French. About nine or ten feet high, and covered with a layer of earth, it was a high and strong work, and in all places supplied with a high embankment, offering considerable difficulties for an advancing force, and exposing it, as soon as it reaches the top of it, to the musketry fire from the heights, when taken in flank by the Sardinian batteries, which fired with admirable precision, they were so badly wounded, and rolled into the aqueduct below. This first rush did not last more than ten minutes. The Russians fall back, but they had scarcely gone a few hundred yards when they were met by the second column, which was advancing a *pas de charge* to support the first, and both united and again rushed forward. This second attempt was more successful than the first.—At the bridge they forced the river on the right and left, and forced the defenders of it to fall back. Scarcely was the bridge free, when two columns of the 6th light brigade were sent forward, and rolled into the aqueduct below. This first rush did not last more than ten minutes. The Russians fall back, but they had scarcely gone a few hundred yards when they were met by the second column, which was advancing a *pas de charge* to support the first, and both united and again rushed forward. This second attempt was more successful than the first.—At the bridge they forced the river on the right and left, and forced the defenders of it to fall back. Scarcely was the bridge free, when two columns of the 6th light brigade were sent forward, and rolled into the aqueduct below. This first rush did not last more than ten minutes. The Russians fall back, but they had scarcely gone a few hundred yards when they were met by the second column, which was advancing a *pas de charge* to support the first, and both united and again rushed forward. 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